

The Council.
 OLIVER WARNER,
 Secretary of the Commonwealth.
 —
The Return of Sheriff Clark.
 SUFFOLK, ss., Boston, March 19, 1858. In obedience to the command of the within precept, I have been, at 12 o'clock and forty minutes, P. M., taken to Edward G. Loring, Esq., this precept, by permitting him to read the within original, and by delivering to him, at the same time, an attested copy of the same.
 I have also delivered an attested copy of the within precept to William C. Brown, Esq., the Register and Probate for the said County of Suffolk.
 JOHN M. CLARK, Sheriff.

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THE CONTUMACIOUS JUDGE REMOVED—JUSTICE AND RIGHT TRIUMPHANT.

The deed is done. In spite of all the devices of the enemies of freedom to shield the contumacious Judge from popular condemnation, by insolent ridicule and scurrilous misrepresentation of the abolitionists—by changing the issue and perverting the record—by changing the issue and perverting the record—by changing the issue and perverting the record—

The deed is done. Twice did the people demand its performance, through their Senators and Representatives in General Court assembled, and through numerous petitions; twice did the General Court affirmatively respond, by an overwhelming majority; and twice did a double-dealing Governor dare to ignore their vote, and thwart the popular will. Again the question was submitted to the people; and, in the face of the tremendous and uprising course pursued by Gov. Gardner, they hurled him out of the gubernatorial chair, and placed Nathaniel P. Banks there—confirming in his integrity, and electing for the third time a Legislature in accordance with their wishes. The result is as we have stated. In the House of Representatives, the vote for removal stood 127 to 101; in the Senate, 24 to 14; in the Council, 6 to 2. Gov. Banks has done his duty, promptly and unflinchingly, and the people will stand by him to the end.

The deed is done. And what a stirring up there is of all the pro-slavery serpents and wild beasts, both in and out of the Commonwealth! What spitting of venom, what shaking of rattles, what howlings of fury! They may rage, and foam, and menace, and attempt to strike with their poisonous fangs; they may "gnaw their tongues for pain," and twist in agony like scorpions surrounded by fire; but they are safely caged and chained—the days of their power are gone forever—He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, and the people shall have them in derision. Elsewhere we have copied some of the comments of the *Post*, (edited by a purchased, mercenary tool of the slave oligarchy, whose hand every decent man should refuse to touch), the *Courier*, (contempt for principle is matched only by their senseless conceit), and the *Journal*, (true to its calculating, sordid, knavish spirit), showing into what spams they have been thrown on seeing the laws of Massachusetts vindicated, the voice of the people obeyed, and a lawless Judge made to know that it is not for him to pat the Commonwealth under his feet with impunity. In a few days, we shall doubtless obtain the expressions of the Southern journals, together with those of the staid democratic press generally, in regard to this removal; and these will furnish a rich supply for that department of villany in our paper, the "Herald of Oppression."

The deed is done. The knowledge of it elicits the warmest congratulations of the friends of freedom universally. It will increase the moral power of the State, serve to exalt its character, carry dismay into the ranks of the enemy, and indicate to the South that the rod of her power is broken. The "Amen" of the Cape Cod Representative will be echoed by millions of voices at the North; for, though it has been only a Probate Judge on trial, the circumstances attending his case have given it an interest and importance in every State in the Union, because of its relation to the tremendous struggle now going on in the land between Liberty and Slavery for complete supremacy.

Of the message of Gov. Banks, the *Post* says—"It is muddy, equivocal, evasive in thought, confused, illogical, unartistic in expression; it reads like the production of a tyro, who had no idea to announce," &c. There is one part of it, at least, which even the *Post* must admit is in good plain English. It is as follows:—"Upon address of both houses of the Legislature, constitutionally presented, and with consent of the Council, I have removed Edward Greely Loring from the office of Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk." Had all in an unknown tongue, it would have been expressed in no consequence. We admit that, as a whole, it is lacking in directness of purpose and clearness of expression, like every thing that emanates from that quarter, either through a cautious and diplomatic policy, or because Gov. Banks is deficient in literary skill and taste. It is much to be regretted that he recommends, in such a connection and at such a time, any modification of the Personal Liberty Bill; for it weakens the force of his official act, and has an appearance of wishing to conciliate a spirit that deserves no quarter. This recommendation, on his part, is wholly gratuitous; and as it proposes, virtually, to facilitate the capturing of slaves in Massachusetts, by removing the prohibitions now laid to prevent slave-catching complicity, we trust it will not be favorably regarded by the present Legislature. At the head of the version, there is no time to act upon a subject of such vast importance.

On Tuesday last, an immense handbill was posted throughout the city, headed with an American eagle, opposite whose open beak was represented a caricatured negro in grotesque attitude, purporting to be the "Portrait of the Distinguished Counsel, whose glowing eloquence moved the General Court to assert the Dignity of the People." It was distressingly "patriotic," and in the true high-falutin', spread-eagle, border-ruffian style—as follows:—

JUDGE LORING HAS BEEN REMOVED!

THE DEED IS DONE!

Men of Boston! Citizens of Massachusetts! Love of our Glorious Union! The deed is done! The first great blow of fanaticism has been struck! An upright and just Judge of our Commonwealth has fallen. The enemies of the Union are triumphant. Treason sits unmasked in our Legislative Hall. Nullification is rampant in Massachusetts. Abolitionism controls our General Court, and the Union sliding Governor obeys its edicts. Men of Massachusetts! the honor of our ancient and beloved Commonwealth has been stained; her fair fame has been tarnished; her exalted position in the family of States has been degraded; her high reputation has been vitally attacked; the "Bill of Rights" has been violated; the freedom of our Judiciary no longer exists.

Men of Massachusetts! White Men of Massachusetts! Will you submit to be trampled on by the enemies of your race? Will you longer permit the fatal forces of the black man to oppress you and your country? Are you ready to yield the influence of the Anglo-Saxon, and submit to that of the African? Has not the time arrived for you to assert your supremacy?

Citizens of Boston and Massachusetts! Are you no longer citizens of the United States? Are you no longer proud of the flag which is floating in every port in the world, and proclaiming to the nations of the earth the power and glory of the Republic? Has the love of the country which your fathers gave you grown cold? Has your patriotism vanished? Is your nationality gone? Are you ready to allow your beloved Commonwealth to be placed in hostility to the United States? Are you ready to endorse the motto and the watchwords of the Abolitionists, that "the Constitution of the United States is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell"? Shall men who utter such sentiments govern you? If not—if the love of your country is still warm in your hearts—if the fire of patriotism still burns in your breasts—then arise in your strength, and open the

OLD CHADLE OF LIBERTY.

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ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT ALBANY.

The *Anti-Slavery Standard*, of last week, contains a very full report of the proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Convention which was held in Albany on the 8th and 9th inst., and we regret that, such is the crowded state of our columns, we are unable to publish it. It appears to have been a most successful and highly interesting occasion. Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, presided—Lydia Mott and Aaron M. Powell acting as Vice Presidents. The following is a portion of the extended series of resolutions which were discussed and adopted:—

Resolved, That by the late death of our true and noble conductor, WILLIAM H. FORT, has been removed from our sphere of labor one who was distinguished for his fidelity to the cause of the enslaved, not less than for his devoted and untiring efforts, in public and private, in behalf of the persecuted, proscribed colored man;—his education, social culture, and political enfranchisement; one who was widely known through his business relations and philanthropic labors, and as universally respected and esteemed; who was largely endowed with native refinement, and a sense of gentlemanly propriety; who was unassuming, but noble and dignified; whose spirit was strongly religious and devoted, yet catholic and liberal; and whose life of usefulness and excellence must ever serve as an incentive and model to all who have come within the sphere of his influence.

Resolved, That while we believe true religion does not, cannot sanction or apologize for slavery, but is, over, when applied, a most powerful weapon for its overthrow and destruction, and regard the popular religious denominations of this country, which are either actually engaged in buying, selling or holding slaves, or are in ecclesiastical and political alliance with the system, as eminently guilty of the sin of oppression; their religion as infamous and satanic in its character, with which we should have no fellowship, but come out from it, and be not partakers of its iniquity.

Resolved, That the conduct of the Managers of the American Tract Society, to the support of which most of the popular sects contribute, fully justifies the foregoing condemnation of the popular religion of our country. It is a signal illustration of the heartlessness, and inidleness, and unchristian spirit of those ministers and ecclesiastical organizations which control and direct the theological opinions and religious sensibilities of the people.

Resolved, That while no persons could be more, more than we do, to see a general revival of true religion in our country, (for without that, the great object for which we have been toiling for many years can never be attained), we distrust the present "revival" movement denominated "great revival." It seems to have been started, and hitherto directed, mainly by those ministers who have never been the fellow-laborers of Him who "came to break every yoke, and set the captive free."

Resolved, That then, and then only, shall we believe there is a true revival of religion in our midst, when we see the people waking up to a deep consciousness of their sin against God, and a burning influence that it has exerted upon our churches and ecclesiastical organizations; when we see them trembling in view of the gigantic iniquity of our country, and crying, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" from the fearful consequences of this sin, personal and national.

Resolved, That there is a fearful significance in the almost simultaneous revival of the African Slave Trade and the olden revival of the slave trade in our country, all at least, make the religious revivals of our country all the more inexcusable if they forbear any longer to remember those in bonds as bound with them, and, bearing in mind the second great command of Christ, if they do not set about to exterminate from our country that system of oppression, of which the slave trade is an indispensable part.

The President said he would open the meeting by reading a letter from the pen of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, who was detained from the Convention by the state of his health:—

BOSTON, March 6, 1858.

I am sorely disappointed that the state of my health is such as to render it imprudent for me to attend the Convention at Albany; though, as you will have the powerful aid of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Remond, and other efficient speakers, my absence will be of very little consequence.

If I were present with you, I might feel disposed to say, among other utterances:—

O, citizens of the Empire State! What power of speech can stir your blood, what trumpet-tone summon you to action, in the most perilous crisis the nation has known since the days of your revolutionary fathers? Are not the skies crowded with fiery portents? Does not the earth quake beneath your feet? Is not the blackness of darkness gathering over the land, the precursor of a storm of divine retribution, before which your mightiest bulwarks of defence shall be as chaff before the whirlwind? Is this a time for the indulgence of party spirit, or sectarian rivalry, or foolish prejudice, or venal selfishness? Is it a time to mock at justice, to hinder the proclamation of truth, to decry virtue, to bow submissively to the high-handed usurpation, to inaugurate the reign of terror? What are your own liberties? Are they more real than the spectres of a disempowered imagination? You are Americans, forsooth! Over your heads proudly floats the star-spangled banner! Your country spreads from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific! Yet who, among your swarming millions, can conceive freedom of speech or of the press in all the South, the reproach of its horrible slave system, without being compelled to accept the alternative of banishment or death?

In this particular, and to this extent, wherein do you differ from the subjugated masses in Russia, Austria, Italy, Naples, France? But what right have you to complain of this? As you sow, shall you not also reap? Have you not wickedly assisted to bind the galling fetters of slavery upon the limbs of four millions of your countrymen, by religious and political complicity with their remorseless oppressors? by constitutional compromises and governmental arrangements; by complexional proscription and deliberate agreement; by ridiculing the doctrine of inalienable human rights, as applied to those whose skins are not colored like your own, and branding as visionaries and fanatics those who demand, in the name of the living God, the instant emancipation of all who are pining in bondage?

O, people of New York! while are the boundaries of your State, embracing a whole empire! Why is it that you allow the poor trembling fugitive slave, who flies to your port for refuge, to be hunted with stripes and torture? Why do your knees meet together, and your hands become palsied, in the presence of the slave-holder or his loathsome representative? Is it because it is so written in the bond? Is it because this is a part of the price which your fathers paid to secure the existing Union between the North and South? Is this your justification? What, then, is such a compact but "a covenant with death"? What is it, if it be not "an agreement with hell"? Are you so blind as not to perceive, so infatuated as not to understand, that "when judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, the land shall sweep away your refuge of lies, and the waters overflow the hiding-place; and your covenant with hell shall not stand; and that when ye shall be trodden down by it?" Of what avail will be your temple-worship, your sabbatical observance, your religious rites and offerings, your missionary efforts abroad, your proselyting spirit at home? While you are preying upon the outcast and the oppressed, is your praying to God any thing better than a solemn mockery? Do you not know that you cannot strike hands with thieves, nor consent with adulterers without participating in the guilt, the shame, and the retribution?

To what else are you giving your consent, whereby your hands are made red with innocent blood? Do you not concede to the three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders at the South the right to represent three fifths of four millions of slaves in Congress, for the exclusive benefit of a liberty-hating slave oligarchy, and to render hopeless the delivery

of those captive millions? Was there ever a worse conspiracy against justice and the rights of man than this?

But this is not all. What if the slaves at the South, goaded to desperation, and inspired by the irrepressible spirit of freedom, should rise in arms, as did our revolutionary sires, and seek to win their liberty through blood? What if you should be summoned, by the President of the United States, in such an emergency, to shoulder your muskets and buckle on your knapsacks, and march to the South for the purpose of reducing those heroic insurgents again to chattel servitude? In that case, you would obey! Your plea would be, "It is so written in the bond! The Union, it must and shall be preserved!"

And for all these things, shall not a righteous God bring you into judgment?

By all that is precious in the blood of Christ—by all that is sacred in "the glorious gospel of the blessed God"—by all the holy commands and binding precepts of a pure religion—by every consideration of justice, honor, humanity, self-respect, and self-preservation—by reverence for the higher law of God, and unfaltering faith in a stern adherence to principle, as the highest expediency and the wisest policy—cease to give any countenance or aid to the traffickers in slaves and the souls of men, make the Empire State free to every bondman who shall plant his weary feet upon its soil, dissolve the hateful ties which connect you with the South, and on your banner inscribe the glorious motto, "No Union with Slaveholders!"

Yours, for universal freedom,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY.

RETIREMENT OF MR. GAY.

We have already mentioned the retirement of our esteemed friend and tried coadjutor, SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Esq., from his post as senior editor of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. The following is his brief and modest Valedictory.

VALEDICTORY.

The editorial connection of the undersigned with this paper ceases with the present number. He has devoted himself to the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause, and he would cordially assure him of our regret that he feels it to be his duty, from private considerations, to withdraw from the post he has occupied so long and so well, and of our sincerest good wishes for his happiness and prosperity in the future pursuits of his life.

APPEAL OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society take the opportunity of the editorial change in the conduct of *The Standard*, now announced, to address their earnest appeal to each and every of their associate members of the Society, and to all the friends of an uncompromising anti-slavery journal.

Hitherto, *The Standard* has not had a self-supporting subscription basis. It has, doubtless, deserved it too well to obtain it in the past. But the change for the better, which our anti-slavery action has effected upon the public mind, warrants our expecting and calling for such a basis in future. To accomplish this, we ask the steady, unanimous co-operation of every friend of *The Standard*, and of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

THE FAMILY RELATION AS AFFECTED BY SLAVERY.

This very able and useful tract, written by Mr. Charles K. Whipple of this city, and which received the premium offered by Mr. Stoddard of Scotland, and awarded by Dr. Wayland and Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, and others, is now for sale at this office, at the following very low prices: Single copy, 2 cents; 20 cents per dozen. They should be taken immediately, and distributed widely. It forms a neat pamphlet of 24 pages. Having been rejected by the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, to which it was originally presented by the gentleman who offered the premium, it is now published by the American Reform Tract and Book Society, at Cincinnati.

THE PROGRESS OF INFAMY. As was expected, the Buchanan party in the United States Senate have passed the bill for the admission of Kansas under the Leecompton Constitution. There was eight majority in favor of the bill; of the minority of 23, nineteen were Republicans, all but one, Mr. Cameron, who had paired off, two Americans, Messrs. Crittenden and Bell, and four Democrats, Messrs. Douglas, Stuart, Broderick and Fugh, the latter voting as he did reluctantly under instructions. The duplicity and falsehood of all the professions of the Buchanans were proved by their vote rejecting Mr. Crittenden's amendment, which provided for the submission of the Constitution to the people of Kansas for approval or rejection.—Boston Bee.

THE VOTE STOOD—Yess 33; Nays 25. Nearly all the members of the House were in the Senate during the closing proceedings, and the Chamber was in every part most densely crowded. Slight applause, mingled with hisses, in the galleries, followed the announcement of the vote. There is some hope that the House will check-mate the Senate, but we are prepared for the worst.

Senator Douglas, though extremely unwell, made a powerful speech to a packed house.

TEACHER RESIGNED. We are sorry to hear that Miss Charlotte L. Forten has been compelled by ill health to resign her position as assistant in the Epes Grammar School in this city, which she has occupied with great credit to herself and usefulness to the school, for a year or two past. Miss Forten is a young lady of color, identified with that hated race whose maltreatment by our own people is a living reproach to us as a professedly Christian nation. She is a native of Philadelphia, but was educated in the public schools in Salem. She passed through the Higginson Grammar School for girls with decided elicit, and subsequently entered the State Normal School, and graduated with success. In both these schools, she had secured, in no common degree, the respect and interest of her teachers, and of her fellow pupils. She was subsequently appointed by the school committee to be an assistant in the Epes Grammar School. She was warmly recommended by her former teachers. She was graciously received by the parents of the district, and soon endeared herself to the pupils (white) under her charge. From the beginning, her connection with the school has been of the happiest and most useful character, disturbed, we believe, by no unpleasant circumstance. Her services have given entire satisfaction to the Principal of the school, and to the school committee, and have received their free approbation. We are happy to record this instance of the success of this lady as teacher in our public schools. We do not mention it so much to praise her, as to give credit to the community, and to the school committee that sanctioned this experiment. It is honorable to our city, and to the school committee which appointed her. Miss Forten is hereafter to reside in Philadelphia.—Salem Register.

OLD COLONY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A quarterly meeting of the Old Colony A. S. Society will be held on EAST DAY, Thursday, April 15th, at Plymouth, in Davis's Hall, which all the members and all persons interested in the great struggle between Freedom and Slavery are notified and invited to attend. An interesting and effective meeting is anticipated. Slavery, and pro-slavery Democracy, are yet in the field, but reeling under anti-slavery armor, but girl himself for fresh conflict and for victory.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, and other speakers to be hereafter announced, are expected to be present.

BOURNE SPOONER, President.

SAMUEL DYER, Sec'y.

WORCESTER NORTH.—The annual meeting of the Worcester County Anti-Slavery Society will be held at LEOMINSTER, in the Town Hall, on THURSDAY, April 15th. A general attendance of the members is requested, and all persons are invited to attend, and help in keeping the true and acceptable Fast.

Particulars of speakers, &c., in future papers.

NOTICE.—H. W. CARTER, Esq., will lecture at the Joy Street Baptist Church next Sunday evening, March 28, on the application of Lord Bacon's sentiment, that "Knowledge is Power." To commence at 7 o'clock. Everybody is invited.

TREES AND PLANTS. A catalogue of the choicest Fruit and Flowering Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c., will be sent on application. Carriage of all packages paid to New York. B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries, Plymouth, Mass.

MECH 26 Tw

BREAD

WITHOUT POWDERS OR YEAST.

How to make light, delicious bread with simple FLOUR AND WATER ONLY.

THIS Bread is prepared for the oven in a few minutes, (with fine or coarse flour), and may be eaten without any injury. A little Hand-Bread containing the above and 30 other receipts for *Healthful Cooking*, &c., sent free for 11 cents in stamps, by W. HUNT, (Boston Water Cure), 18 and 20 La Grange Place, Boston.

MECH 19 4w

DANIEL MANN, M. D.

SURGEON DENTIST,

And Manufacturer of Mineral Teeth,

(Formerly Mann & Melrose, Summer St.)

Has an office in SUFFOLK PLACE, (two doors from Washington street), and invites old friends and new ones to visit him. Invalids and others who dislike to visit a Dentist's Office will be waited upon at their own houses.

Suffolk Place opens at 300 Washington street, a little above Bedford street.

MECH 19

REMOVAL.

JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY

HAVE REMOVED TO

NO. 20 WASHINGTON STREET.

At the intersection of Washington street with Cornhill, 2d story, at which place they propose to continue their business as Publishers, and, in addition to their former works, have in press, to be issued in March, the following valuable books:—

Trail's Josephus, with Isaac Taylor's Notes.—\$2.

The Pitt Street Chapel Lectures.—\$1.

Debt and Grace, or the Doctrine of a Future Life.—\$1.25.

The Forerunners and Mechanics' Practical Architect and Guide to Rural Economy.—\$1.50.

Remarkable Women of Different Nations and Ages.—\$1.

Revolutions, by Dr. Banvard.—25 cents.

ME 31

Atlantic Monthly

FOR APRIL

IS NOW READY,

AND

For sale by all Booksellers.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.,

Publishers, Boston.

Speech by Theodore Parker.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA, and the Immediate Duty of the North: A Speech delivered in the Hall of the State House, before the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Convention, on Friday night, January 29, 1858. By THEODORE PARKER. Price, 17 cents. Just published, and for sale by BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street.

Also, for sale as above, all of Mr. Parker's works, either in pamphlet form, or bound in cloth.

MECH 26 4w

GENUINE

has Mrs. S. A. Allen's signed in Red Ink to outside wrappers, and in Black Ink to directions pasted on bottles. Restorer bottles are of dark purple glass, with the words, Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, 355 Broome Street, New York, blown on them. The Balsam bottles are of green glass, with Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Balsam, 355 Broome Street, New York, blown on them. Circumstances around bottles copyrighted. None other is genuine. Signing the name by others is forgery, and will be prosecuted by us as a criminal offence. Some dealers try to sell other preparations on which they make more profit than of these; insist on these. Sold by nearly every drug and fancy goods dealer. Address all letters for information to

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

World's Hair Restorer Depot,

NO. 355 BROOME STREET, N. Y.

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IT IS NOT A DYE!

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S

HAIR RESTORER

AND

WORLD'S

Hair Dressing.

THE ONLY PREPARATIONS THAT HAVE A

EUROPEAN REPUTATION!!

THE Restorer, used with the Zylolabium or

Dressing, cures diseases of the hair or scalp, and

RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL

COLOR!

The Zylolabium or Dressing alone is the best

hair dressing extant for young or old.

We take pleasure in presenting the following un-

deniable proofs that these are the best preparations

either in Europe or America. They contain no dele-

terious ingredients—do not soil or stain anything.

GREAT BRITAIN.

REV. W. B. THORNELO, Presdent, Lancashire,

says—"Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer

and Zylolabium are perfect marvels. After us-

ing them six weeks, my extremely gray hair is

restored to its natural color. I am satisfied it is

not a dye."

HAYTI.

REV. MRS. E. C. ANDRUS, for many years Mis-

sionary to Hayti, now of Martinsburg, N. Y. The

climate having seriously affected her hair and scalp

says, "I have derived much benefit from the use of

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zyl-

olabium. I have tried various other remedies

for my hair, but never tried any that so materially

and permanently benefited me, as has Mrs. S. A. Al-

len's."

J. H. EATON, Pres. Union Univ., Tenn. "I have

used Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer

and Zylolabium but very irregularly, but, not-

withstanding, its influence was distinctly visible.

The falling off of my hair ceased, and my locks, which

POETRY.

The following Songs, prepared for the occasion, were sung at the late Commemorative Festival held in Faneuil Hall, with reference to the Boston Massacre, March 5th, 1770.

THE COLORED AMERICAN HEROES OF 1776.

At—Our Flag is there.

They fought, their country to redeem
From stern Oppression's iron hand,
And braved the tyrant's brutal power,
To purchase freedom for this land.

Chorus.

They, side by side with Washington,
For equal blessings did contend,
And with great WARREN bled and died,
Their country's honor to defend.

In conflict with the foe, their blood
Has reddened many a tented field;
The trophies of the fight they won
Are blazoned on our country's shield.

Chorus.—They, side by side, &c.

They shrank not in that fearful hour,
When sternest patriotism quailed;
They smote Oppression's hateful form,
And Freedom smiled, and Right prevailed.

Chorus.—They, side by side, &c.

Yet now that British rule has ceased,
And Independence has been gained,
Judicial tyrants have decreed
Such have no rights to be maintained!

Chorus.—They, side by side, &c.

Their children's children all are doomed!
Their rank is with the brutes assigned;
No matter what their woes or wrongs,
Protection they may never find!

Chorus.—They, side by side, &c.

In vain they show their bleeding wounds,
'Our native land!' in vain they cry:
The government derides their claims,
The courts their heaven-born rights deny!

Chorus.—They, side by side, &c.

Oh, perdition beyond compare!
Oh, base requital—cruel wrong!
When shall this vile oppression end?
Answer—How long, O Lord, how long!

Chorus.—They, side by side, &c.

* See decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case.

FREEDOM'S BATTLE.

By MISS FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

Onward, O ye sons of Freedom,
In the great and glorious strife;
You've a high and holy mission
On the battle-fields of life.

See, Oppression's heel of iron
Grinds a brother to the ground,
And from bleeding heart and bosom
Gapeth many a fearful wound.

On my blighted people's bosom
Mountain loads of sorrow lay;
Stop not, then, to ask the question,
Who shall roll the stone away.

O, be faithful! O, be valiant!
Trusting not in human might;
Know that in the darkest conflict
God is on the side of right.

THE OLD PALM TUNE.

By MISS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

You asked, dear friend, the other day,
Why still my charmed ear
Rejoiceth in uncultured tones,
That old palm tune to hear.

I've heard full oft in foreign lands
The grand orchestral strain,
Where music's ancient masters live,
Revealed on earth again:

Where breathing, solemn instruments,
In swaying clouds of sound,
Bore up the yearning, tranced soul,
Like silver wings around—

I've heard in old St. Peter's dome,
When clouds of incense rise,
Most ravishing the choral swell
Mount upward to the skies.

And well I feel the magic power,
When skilled and cultured art
Its cunning web of sweetness weaves
Around the captured heart.

But yet, dear friend, though rudely sung,
That old palm tune hath still
A pulse of power beyond them all,
My inmost soul to thrill.

Those tones that halting sound to you,
Are not the tones I hear;
But voices of the loved and lost
Then meet my longing ear.

I hear my angel mother's voice—
Those were the words she sung;
I hear my brother's ringing tones,
As once on earth they rung.

And friends that walk in white above,
Come round me like a cloud,
And far above those earthly notes
Their singing sounds aloud.

There may be discord, as you say;
Those voices poorly ring;
But there's no discord in the strain
Those upper spirits sing.

For they who sing are of the blest,
The calm and glorified,
Whose hours are one eternal rest
On heaven's sweet floating tide.

Their life is music and accord;
Their souls and hearts keep time
In one sweet concord with the Lord—
One concert vast, sublime.

And through the hymns they sang on earth
Sometimes a sweetness falls
On those they loved and left below,
And softly homeward calls.

Bells from our own dear fatherland,
Borne trembling o'er the sea—
The narrow sea that they have crossed,
The shores where we shall be.

Oh, sing, sing on! beloved souls;
Sing cares and griefs to rest;
Sing, till entranced we arise
To join you 'mid the blest!

The following is from "Andromeda and other Poems," a new volume by Charles Kingsley, in press, by Ticknor & Fields.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noblest things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

The Liberator.

The following dispassionate and explanatory letter, from Rev. N. R. JOHNSTON, was sent to the Vermont *Aurora* of the Valley, in reply to a false and malignant account of the late Anti-Slavery Convention at Bradford which appeared in that paper; but it was refused an insertion. It is difficult to find language adequately to describe such editorial injustice and baseness.—Ed. Lib.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Mr. McINDOE: Last week, I saw a furious article in the *National* (Bradford) *Telegraph*, against the men and doings of the late Anti-Slavery Convention at Bradford. I did not expect much else from an Administration paper; but I was not prepared to find a similar article in the *Aurora* of the Valley. I refer to yours in the issue of the 6th inst. On that article, you allow me to make some comments, which I think are called for in justice to myself, the Convention, and the cause of the slave.

My last words—the cause of the slave—suggest to my own mind what I regard as the real grounds of the difference between you and those against whom you place yourself in hostility. They—the Abolitionists—have in view the emancipation of the slave, of the four millions of chattelized human beings, and the prevalence of universal and impartial liberty throughout the whole land; hoping that thus, and not without this, the best interests of the country will be secured. On the other hand, you, and those who denounce us, have in view the success of a political party, and thereby a share in the national spoils; and hence you sustain an oppressive Union and a slaveholding Constitution. You make the interests of a party and of human institutions your first aim; while I choose to make the interests of man—the interests of the millions in bonds, who are of infinitely more value than human institutions—my first aim. This, then, is the difference: You are for destroying the 'Black Democracy,' (with which I have no sympathy)—I am for destroying slavery; you are for saving the Union and Constitution, which you know sustain slavery—I am for saving the nation and the out-trodden millions, by 'proclaiming liberty thro' out all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof.' Which of us is right, yourself being judge?

But I wish to notice your article. You say, at the outset, that you attended the meeting, 'expecting to hear a candid discussion of the subject of slavery.' But why were you not willing to hear a candid discussion on all questions now before the anti-slavery men of the country? As in the Convention, so in your article, you find great fault with the introduction of a resolution respecting the Union and Constitution. Why do you object to free discussion on the question whether the Constitution is pro-slavery, or the Union the principal support of slavery? Do you suppose that a few men at Bradford can, by a few speeches, or even resolutions, break up the American Union, or nullify the Constitution? If these are so easily overthrown, the sooner we destroy them, the better. Why need we fear discussion on any point intimately connected with the Anti-Slavery movement? And have we not been told that error may be tolerated so long as truth is left free to combat it? Had you not the privilege of discussing, opposing and voting against any resolution? And is not truth mighty? Then why fear the contest? I protest against your unwillingness to allow free discussion in an Anti-Slavery Convention. I fear that you were never in one before, else you would not be so nervous when the friends of the slave wish to have their platform free. What was your position when a great party adopted as part of its motto, 'free speech'?

You say, that during the Convention, you took the liberty to denounce the principles embodied in the resolution as 'rash and treasonable.' This it was your privilege to do; but why did you not show them to be so? Denunciation is useless. And, that your readers might judge for themselves, why did you not publish the resolution against whose introduction you complain? I will here give it to you, and if you see fit, you may show its fallacy. It is as follows:—

Whereas, the Union of the States was formed by unholy compromises with slavery and the Slave Power, which demanded the continuance of the African slave trade, the representation in Congress for slave property, and the delivering up of slaves escaping from their masters—

Whereas, these compromises were incorporated into the Constitution—

And, whereas, ever since the adoption of the Constitution, and owing principally to its pro-slavery compromises, the number of the slaves has been increasing, the Slave Power has become more and more dominant, and the Federal Government has been one of the strongest allies of the Slave Power, so that almost every power under the control of the Government is now made subservient to the interests of slavery—therefore,

Resolved, That the Union, which was formed in sin, should be dissolved; and the Constitution, which was framed and adopted in iniquity, should be repudiated, and thus the way prepared for a new Northern Republic, in which justice and righteousness may prevail.

But you say that 'the objects of the meeting, as publicly announced by the originator and principal manager, were not for political purposes.' Agreed; but did the introduction and discussion of this resolution make the Convention political? Is it in favor of any political party? On your ground, why did you not object to the resolution against the policy of the Administration? O, that was 'a bird of another color.'

It probably did not occur to you, that in your article, you use just such epithets as the pro-slavery Southern 'Black Democracy' would use: 'pernicious doctrines,' 'unrighteous heresies,' 'infamous resolutions,' 'infamous heresies,' 'fanatical disunionists,' 'infamous dogmas,' 'clandestine efforts,' 'vile denunciations,' 'ultra disorganizers,' 'gross slanders,' 'obnoxious heresies,' 'rash disunionists,' 'unprincipled disorganizers,' &c. Had these denunciations been connected with any argument to prove their fitness, I would not have been so ashamed of seeing them in the *Aurora*, which I am sorry to see thus in company with the sentiments of Wm. Goodell, and especially of Gov. Fletcher, fully: why did you not give, at least, a little of the argument on the other side? You have every thing to say against those 'fanatical disorganizers.' Why did you not give your readers some of their sentiments—a hint as to the character of their speeches? You say that by them the 'illustrious Washington, and the churches of all denominations, were denounced and censured in the most outrageous terms.' Your distant readers may take for granted that that is a true description, but what will those think who were present to hear the speeches? Allow me to say here, that I heard what was said, and I now, as a Christian and as an Orthodox minister, unhesitatingly declare, that, in my judgment, those men whom you denounce uttered nothing but the truth. Remember that you and I occupy different positions, and we may hear the same truths very differently. I do not remember that Washington's name was more than mentioned, and that in no disrespectful terms. And what little was said about the churches was only to prove that the leading and popular denominations are in sinful fellowship with slaveholders. As a friend and member of the Church of Christ, and as a friend of the slave, I assert that only the truth was spoken; and if the truth, why need we fear its utterance? Slavery skulls away from the light: why should the friends of liberty do so?

You are careful to fully quote or report the sentiments of Gov. Fletcher. Of this, I do not complain; but I do think it unbecoming to give your readers only one side. Gov. Fletcher seems to be a noble man, a gentleman, and an honest Abolitionist. As such, I honor him. But he is not infallible. As you quote from him so largely, I infer you endorse his sentiments, and, as *you*, I wish to notice them. You say, he 'did not come to the Convention to co-operate in efforts to dissolve the Union, or to abolish the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, the Church, or the Bible.' Now, sir, I maintain that in that Convention, not a single word was uttered against the Bible, the Declaration of Independence, or the Church, except so far as they are pro-slavery. And do not you yourself know that the Constitution contains pro-slavery compromises? Does it not give the slaveholder a slave representation in Congress? Does it not give liberty to slave-hunters to catch and return their fugitives? And may we not discuss the sinfulness of these things without being denounced as fanatics? Is it out of order for an Anti-Slavery Convention to introduce and discuss resolutions on such subjects?

Why do you and the Governor find fault with the presence of 'four professional lecturers of the Garrisonian school'? And by what right do you assert that they 'were secured for the express purpose of propagating their distinctive notions'? Is it not unbecomingly to call it a 'clandestine effort'? Was it not expressly declared in the Convention, that Gov. Fletcher himself, ex-Gov. William Slade, and other prominent members of the Republican party, had been formally invited to deliver addresses?

Moreover, why are alarmed at the presence of Garrisonian Abolitionists? And why denounce the Convention as a Disunion Convention, when the resolution against which you complain was not passed? And why did you not give your readers a copy of all the resolutions that were passed? Some nine or ten were adopted unanimously, and yet you publish only three, without even hinting that there were others. Your readers will expect them yet.

In fine, allow me to say, that so far as I know, the call was originated and circulated, the speakers invited, and the resolutions introduced and discussed, in good faith, and with a desire to advance the great cause of human freedom, and not the particular interests of any denomination or party. What we Abolitionists want is, the utter and eternal overthrow of oppression in the land—the emancipation of every slave; and if sects or parties, or even Unions and human Constitutions and laws, stand in the way of the deliverance of the millions of captives, we must be on the side of God and humanity, and against all that oppose these. Every thing that is pro-slavery, that sustains oppression, must be speedily remodelled or destroyed. Let all who hate slavery learn not to fear to examine the worth of any thing which is hostile to universal and impartial liberty—and may God defend the right!

Topsam, Vt.

N. R. JOHNSTON.

Mr. McINDOE: I would not ask the publication of this reply to your editorial, were it not that I think myself individually, but especially as an Abolitionist, aggrieved. I think you wrongfully attribute unfair or clandestine motives and dealings to me. I acted in good faith to all. I insist on the publication of this reply; especially as you can make what comments you please upon it.

Yours, truly,

N. R. JOHNSTON.

ANTI-SLAVERY LABORS AT THE WEST. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1858.

DEAR MR. GARRISON: After an absence of nearly five months from home, which time has been spent mostly in Ohio, I find myself again in Rochester. I have thought, as for four months I was laboring for the American Society, it might be well for me to make a condensed report of my doings in that time, and send it to the *Liberator*.

From the 1st of September to the last of October, in company with Mr. Foss, I lectured in the counties of Stark, Columbiana, Carroll, Harrison, and Tuscarora. Our meetings were uniformly well attended in regard to numbers. Not always were the audiences composed entirely of well-behaved persons, but I think in every case the majority were respectable, and came to be benefited; and though we were assailed with vile words and bad epithets, pelted with stones, hard apples, eggs, &c., yet we felt that, as a whole, our meetings were very successful. The opposition, I think, in every case, came from the Church. I hesitate not to say, that I never met a body of men so desperately dishonest as were the Methodist preachers in some of these counties. Surely, the people will sometime awake to the folly of putting their trust in such men.

There is more ignorance, in some of the towns bordering on the river, than I had supposed could be found in a free State. I do not mean ignorance of the rights of the oppressed, but general ignorance upon all subjects. It has been my fortune to see very many of the fugitives from slavery, but I have never found among them such fearful ignorance of propriety and decency as I saw upon the Ohio river, on the northern side, and such people, we are told, make, or help to make, the government of our country!

We scattered among them several papers, and I trust the reading of them, if, indeed, they are able to read them, will open their eyes to their own degradation, if not to the slave's. If the near proximity to the free States so acts upon the laboring people of a free State, what must be the condition of the poor working white man in a slave State itself?

November and December, I spent in company with Mr. Howland, (and Mr. Brown a part of the time) on the Western Reserve. We went over into Pennsylvania for a few days. We held separate meetings, coming together once or twice a week for Conventions. I think there is great need of labor in Lake county, but there are so few friends in that county sufficiently interested to make them willing to entertain the anti-slavery agent, that the work must be undertaken when the Society has funds to pay the expenses of the laborer. I suffered much while in that county on this account. Did you ever go into a family where you were made to feel every moment that you were a burden? If so, you can understand what it is. If not, Heaven grant you never may. The condition may be felt; but having felt it, I shrink from describing it, lest I imagine myself living the time over again.

We found little genuine Abolitionism in Trumbull county, but a few excellent friends gave us their sympathy and co-operation. Our most successful meetings were in Ashtabula county. I think the efforts expended in this county will not be lost, but that a strong point has been made, from which we can exert a good influence. He is a reformer of the true stamp, and though, for refusing to acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth the God of the universe, he is shut out of the pulpits in that region, he makes his way into the school-houses, some of which are not closed against him, and teaches the people true godliness. There is certainly great need of many living teachers in Ohio—where shall the means be obtained to send them? Our collections were small, but the times were severe. The sum total collected by myself was about one hundred dollars, very many dollars of which were made up of three and five cent pieces.

Well, Ohio is not the only place where workmen are needed. I have been placed to the soil at the entire lack of feeling upon this subject of Abolitionism in my own city. It cannot be said that Stephen Foster has killed out Anti-Slavery in this region, as 'Justice' (very unjustly, we think) insists in the case in Michigan, for we have had very little of his preaching here. I am not disposed to think Spiritualism has destroyed it, for only a very small minority of the

Rochester Spiritualists ever troubled themselves with the wrongs of the slave. Those who loved the cause of the bondman, before they believed in the facts or follies of Spiritualism, (with one or two exceptions, perhaps), loved it still. I do not know that any have been added to our ranks through the teachings of this new sect, so that we have not been affected, either for good or for evil, by it. What, then, is the cause of this lethargy upon this subject? I do not know of a room of any kind in this city of churches, which could be obtained to speak in upon the subject, without payment, and Sunday is a day too sacred to be used for that purpose.

What shall we do? How would the colporteur system work here? Has it been found to avail any thing where it has been tried? My hope is very feeble. It seems to me never there was so much cause for sadness as now. The Slave Power is marching with rapid stride to overwhelm us, and the people seem not to know, or to care to know their destiny. The reformer needs not the prophet's eye to see a destiny as fearful for our country as was that of Jerusalem made perceptible to the Nazarene, when he uttered that cry of lamentation, 'O! Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not.'

Yours, for the bond,

LUCY N. COLMAN.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Mr. Editor: In a recent number of one of the Boston papers, I notice an article, which appears to be editorial, headed 'Woman's Rights.' Now, it is not my intention to broach a quarrel with said editor for expressing his individual opinion upon the subject in question, but rather to vindicate my sex, or that portion slandered by said editor, who thinks the women of Massachusetts would not accept the right of suffrage, were it immediately offered them. The women of Massachusetts, 'are too happy in the performance of home duties and affections,' he says; and he thinks none but indolent, brawling women wish to wade in to bawls corpus, and perhaps fight their way to the polls. Indeed, some men are too delicate to associate with politicians! Is not this a beautiful picture! Men suffered to make laws to govern the nation, and individuals, both male and female, who are so depraved as to be a nuisance in the sight of even men making pretensions to decency! Yet it is considered no disgrace for women to mingle with debauched politicians in the more intimate relation of husband and wife!

We presume our editorial friend deems it paying a compliment to the women of Massachusetts to call them just simple enough to say, 'O yes—yes,' to every thing their husbands say. If the husband is not capable of discerning his right hand from his left, it is all the same. But we have yet to learn that asserting and maintaining our rights as individuals is to unsex woman. 'Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' is not the right of all; yet woman has no voice in framing laws to which she is held amenable as well as man. No, she must sit down and fold her hands in a lady-like posture, and allow man to enslave her to any extent he pleases. She may bear to his children, yet they are not hers in law, but the man's. No matter how much abuse and insult he may heap on her head, she must bear it, or have her children, dear as life itself, torn from her embrace by, perhaps, a drunken and licentious apologist for a man. Yet none but 'brawling women' would murmur at such laws! I would to Heaven every woman in Christendom would declare herself above such insulting insolence, and live up to the declaration: the polls would soon become a place of cleanliness, sobriety and decency, and our laws would not wear the disgraceful, one-sided appearance they now present. Let woman learn to respect herself, and let the standard of true womanhood be intelligence, and she should not hear men say they do not know salt from sugar, consequently are content to remain on a level with Southern negro slaves. Every woman, as well as every man, should be a law unto herself. I positively deny the right of any man, or set of men, to manufacture a frame to place me in. God has written his laws upon the vestibule of my soul, and no one has any business to interfere with said laws, or any right of obedience. To stoop to obey a lower power, foreign to self, is no mark of a noble soul.

Before closing this article, I would say, there are some women in Massachusetts, to my certain knowledge, who have heads of their own, and perhaps tongues, and more ought to have. Possessing some knowledge, Mr. Editor, of your spirit of philanthropy, I have little hesitancy in asking you to give this brief article an insertion in your paper.

Yours, in defence of human rights,
Rochester, N. Y. HELEN NORTON.

NEPARIOS DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT OF CALIFORNIA IN A SLAVE CASE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 17, 1858.

The Dred Scott decision, and the election of the Hero of Ostend to the Presidency, are beginning to bear their legitimate fruit in California. The Supreme Court of the State, sitting at Sacramento, on the 11th instant, rendered, in the case of the slave 'Archy,' one of the most nefarious decisions ever rendered by a high judicial tribunal in the United States—a decision not only nefarious, but so absurd and contrary to every principle of law, that not a newspaper in the State has ventured to justify it.

The facts of the case are these: Mr. Charles A. Stovall, a young Mississippi planter, came across the Plains last summer for the benefit of his health, bringing with him a negro named Archy, 19 years of age, who was his slave in Mississippi. Stovall arrived in Carson Valley late in the summer, stopped there several weeks, and bought a farm there. In October, he came over to Sacramento, and engaged a small school where he was teaching school, he hired Archy out, and received his wages. About the middle of January, he determined to send Archy to Mississippi, via Panama, and was about to start for this city to place him on the steamer, when his attention was attracted to lay claim to the character of a freeman.

He was soon arrested, on complaint made by Stovall that he was a 'fugitive slave'; and the next day, a writ of habeas corpus was sued out by some one of his friends before Judge Robinson, the County Judge of Sacramento County. For three weeks, that Judge rendered no decision in a case which was an exceedingly plain one, and where there was no excuse for delay; but it seems that Mr. Robinson was afraid of the responsibility that he saw before him, with law and justice on one side, and the untried Democracy triumphant on the other. His first move was to refer the case to United States Commissioner G. P. Johnston, though a Southern man in feeling, as well as by birth, rendered an opinion, saying that Archy, having been brought into the State by his master, was not a 'fugitive slave,' and therefore he, as United States Commissioner, had no jurisdiction in the case. Archy ought to have been discharged at this time, if there was any propriety in the reference of the case to the United States Commissioner; but he was still kept in jail. Judge Robinson went off into the interior of the State, and remained a week or more, but he found that no change of affairs took place in his absence, and that he would have to give some kind of a decision in the matter; so he returned, and decided that Archy, having been brought to this State by his master, was a free man. But it seems probable that Judge Robinson had given no notice beforehand to Stovall of what the decision would be; for no sooner had Archy stepped out of the court room, than he was seized by the City Marshal under a new warrant, sued out against him as a fugitive slave by his master. The latter then applied to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus, alleging that Archy, his slave, was imprisoned and illegally detained by the City Marshal of Sacramento City.

On Saturday afternoon, a poor fugitive slave, who arrived three weeks ago at Liverpool from New Orleans, stood away in the hold of a cotton ship, was brought to this office. The following is his own plain, unvarnished tale, taken down as he narrated it from his lips:—

My name is Tom Wilson. I arrived here in a ship called the *Metropolis*, Captain Foster. I am a slave born. I have been under slave bondage ever since I was born. I am now 45 years old. I belonged to Mr. Henry Fastman, of New Orleans, Louisiana, New Orleans, for the space of seven years. Before then, I belonged to Colonel Barr, of Woodford, Mississippi. There I had a wife and three children, besides having had another child, which died. I was sold by auction by Major Bairds, auctioneer, for \$2,500, and was taken down to New Orleans, away from my wife and children, and I haven't seen them since. Shortly after I got there, Mr. Fastman's overseer, Burke, commenced to ill use me. I didn't understand trying the cot-

ton; it was new to me, and I was awkward, so I was flogged. They used to tie me down across a cotton bale, and give me 200 or 300 lashes with a strap. I am marked with the whip from the ankles to the crown of my head. Some years before I was sold from Mississippi, the overseer there, because I resisted punishment once, cut my right arm. He did that, as he said, to weaken me, because I was too strong in the arm.

About a year and a half after I had been in New Orleans, I ran into the woods. I was followed by Burke and a pack of bloodhounds into the Bayou, and I was caught. The dogs soon caught me. They tore my legs and body with their teeth. Here are the marks they left. [As he spoke, he took up his trousers' legging, and exposed formidable scars, extending up the calf and above the knee-joint.] Burke (the continued) rode off with me, and I was continued to pin me with their teeth. After that, I knew nothing about what they did to me for about a week. When I got a little strong, they burned my back with red-hot iron, and my legs with spirits of turpentine, to punish me for trying to escape. I got an iron collar round my neck, which was eight months, besides two irons, one on each leg. After that I was watched very closely; but on one night, about a week after Christmas, I ran away, and hid myself under the saw-dust, in a sawmill pit, below New Orleans. I was followed by Burke, the overseer, and the dogs, but they did not find me. I crept out, and ran away, for more safety, to the Great Salt-water Lake, behind Orleans, securing myself under the bushes and vines. There are alligators in the lake, and as I sat up at the knees in the water, the alligators were all around me, bellowing, and trying to get up on my back, and I felt safer among the alligators than among the white men.

In the morning, at four o'clock, I went down to the wharf. On the road, I came across some of the men who were out watching for me, with guns and dogs. It was just getting light. I began to sing, and walked close by them, and they paid no attention to me. When I got down to the wharf, some of the colored crew of the American steamship *Metropolis* took me on board, and secured me among the hales. One of the colored men, who was with me, and there was a search for me that day, he did not find me, and I trembled to think I should be taken back and tortured. I was frightened, too, for the colored men who had befriended me, I was sent out of the sight of the white men, and Captain Foster did not know any thing about it, until after the men had been paid off at Liverpool. I remained here from a week after Christmas until about three weeks ago, when the ship came here. During the time I was secreted I was kept alive by the colored men, and they brought me something to eat and drink every night. I first landed here, I was frightened at every white man I passed, and I hid myself about where I could, and begged at night for bread. I was afraid I should be taken into slavery again. I did not know I could not be a slave here.

With regard to the future, poor Tom Wilson said he would be very glad of a freeman's place on board a coasting steamer. When in slavery in America, he had been hired out as a freeman on board one of the lake steamers. He said he could do that work as well as any, and could stand any amount of beat. From inquiries we have made, we are inclined to believe that the foregoing narrative, which reads like a lost chapter of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' is substantially true.

On the 11th inst., the Supreme Court of the State, sitting at Sacramento, rendered, in the case of the slave 'Archy,' one of the most nefarious decisions ever rendered by a high judicial tribunal in the United States—a decision not only nefarious, but so absurd and contrary to every principle of law, that not a newspaper in the State has ventured to justify it.

The facts of the case are these: Mr. Charles A. Stovall, a young Mississippi planter, came across the Plains last summer for the benefit of his health, bringing with him a negro named Archy, 19 years of age, who was his slave in Mississippi. Stovall arrived in Carson Valley late in the summer, stopped there several weeks, and bought a farm there. In October, he came over to Sacramento, and engaged a small school where he was teaching school, he hired Archy out, and received his wages. About the middle of January, he determined to send Archy to Mississippi, via Panama, and was about to start for this city to place him on the steamer, when his attention was attracted to lay claim to the character of a freeman.

He was soon arrested, on complaint made by Stovall that he was a 'fugitive slave'; and the next day, a writ of habeas corpus was sued out by some one of his friends before Judge Robinson, the County Judge of Sacramento County. For three weeks, that Judge rendered no decision in a case which was an exceedingly plain one, and where there was no excuse for delay; but it seems that Mr. Robinson was afraid of the responsibility that he saw before him, with law and justice on one side, and the untried Democracy triumphant on the other. His first move was to refer the case to United States Commissioner G. P. Johnston, though a Southern man in feeling, as well as by birth, rendered an opinion, saying that Archy, having been brought into the State by his master, was not a 'fugitive slave,' and therefore he, as United States Commissioner, had no jurisdiction in the case. Archy ought to have been discharged at this time, if there was any propriety in the reference of the case to the United States Commissioner; but he was still kept in jail. Judge Robinson went off into the interior of the State, and remained a week or more, but he found that no change of affairs took place in his absence, and that he would have to give some kind of a decision in the matter; so he returned, and decided that Archy, having been brought to this State by his master, was a free man. But it seems probable that Judge Robinson had given no notice beforehand to Stovall of what the decision would be; for no sooner had Archy stepped out of the court room, than he was seized by the City Marshal under a new warrant, sued out against him as a fugitive slave by his master. The latter then applied to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus, alleging that Archy, his slave, was imprisoned and illegally detained by the City Marshal of Sacramento City.

On Saturday afternoon, a poor fugitive slave, who arrived three weeks ago at Liverpool from New Orleans, stood away in the hold of a cotton ship, was brought to this office. The following is his own plain, unvarnished tale, taken down as he narrated it from his lips:—

My name is Tom Wilson. I arrived here in a ship called the *Metropolis*, Captain Foster. I am a slave born. I have been under slave bondage ever since I was born. I am now 45 years old. I belonged to Mr. Henry Fastman, of New Orleans, Louisiana, New Orleans, for the space of seven years. Before then, I belonged to Colonel Barr, of Woodford, Mississippi. There I had a wife and three children, besides having had another child, which died. I was sold by auction by Major Bairds, auctioneer, for \$2,500, and was taken down to New Orleans, away from my wife and children, and I haven't seen them since. Shortly after I got there, Mr. Fastman's overseer, Burke, commenced to ill use me. I didn't understand trying the cot-

ton; it was new to me, and I was awkward, so I was flogged. They used to tie me down across a cotton bale, and give me 200 or 300 lashes with a strap. I am marked with the whip from the ankles to the crown of my head. Some years before I was sold from Mississippi, the overseer there, because I resisted punishment once, cut my right arm. He did that, as he said, to weaken me, because I was too strong in the arm.